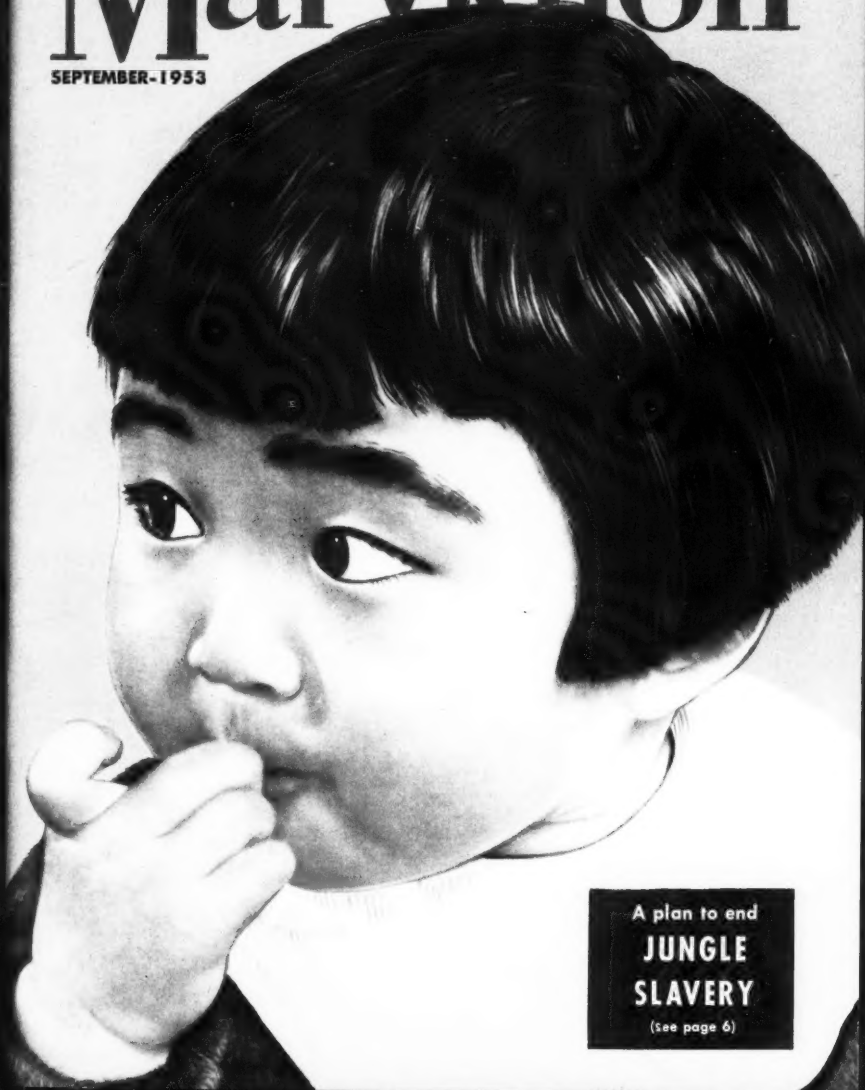


THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

SEPTEMBER - 1953



A plan to end

**JUNGLE
SLAVERY**

(see page 6)



UNKNOWN FUTURE. Symbolic of the plight of refugees is this picture of a Hong Kong woman climbing seemingly endless steps to darkness. The charity of Christ can light the way for refugees.





The Man Who Sold His Daughter

■ YEUNG MOK SUN is a Chinese boatman who plies his trade out of the port of Hong Kong. For a small fee, Yeung will transport a traveler to the mainland or any one of the islands surrounding Hong Kong. Boat life is the only life Yeung knows. He was born on a boat, just as his father before him.

For years Yeung worked for other boat owners. He was able to get a

boat of his own by selling one of his four children — a ten-year-old daughter — for HK \$700 (about \$125 American). He sold the child to another boat family, one of whose sons she will eventually marry.

Yeung has no use for communism — he has ferried too many refugees. Besides, now that he has his own boat, he wants to keep it. The Reds would never let him do that.

WHEN YOU SAY

DO YOU MEAN THIS?

~~My~~
~~Our~~ Father who art in heaven,
~~hallowed be Thy name; Thy~~
~~kingdom come; Thy will be done~~
~~on earth as it is in heaven.~~
Give ~~us~~ ^{me} this day ~~our~~ ^{my} daily
bread; and forgive ~~us~~ ^{me} ~~our~~ ^{my}
trespasses ~~as we forgive those~~
~~who trespass against us; and~~
lead ~~us~~ ^{me} not into temptation,
but deliver ~~us~~ ^{me} from evil. Amen.

THIS IS NOT THE PRAYER OF CHRIST
FOR ALL GOD'S CHILDREN. INSTEAD . . .

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AY THE OUR FATHER

→ YOU SHOULD SAY AND THINK THIS!

Our Father

Father of every one of the world's
2 billion people.

who art in heaven,
hallowed be Thy Name;

In my country and in the whole world.

Thy Kingdom come;

Among the billion people who know
Thee not.

Thy will be done on earth
as it is in heaven.

I will do something in some way to
help make Thy will known to all men
everywhere.

Give us this day our daily
bread;

All of us. Those in Korea, and China,
and Africa, and everywhere.

and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those who
trespass against us;

Even my enemies and those who
persecute Thy Church.

and lead us not into
temptation, but deliver us
from evil.

Including the supreme evil of
forgetting or ignoring Your commands.

Amen.

Ma Pac Hiou — life
depends on scavenging.

Lo Yung — her par-
ents are missing.



Faces of

■ WALK the streets of Hong Kong and you will see them everywhere. The poor and the homeless. The hungry and the dying. You can turn your glance away — look elsewhere. But you cannot forget their faces.



Cheng Shen — his body is covered with hunger sores.



Anna Lam — her father died under the Communists. Mrs. Wong's home below is any Hong Kong back street.



the Poor

Look carefully into these faces and you will see more than suffering. You will see Christ, for these lonely ones are His own. Look carefully into their faces and you will see a world of men. The undernourished

rubber worker in the jungle of Bolivia. The whimpering tot behind the Korean battleline. The famine-stricken peasant of India. Look into these faces, no self pity here. Only hope. Hope in you.

A MASTER PLAN TO

LICK THE JUNGLE

BY BISHOP THOMAS J. DANEHY

■ TO ANYONE familiar with communism, it is not strange to meet that philosophy here in the isolated Bolivian jungle. The Reds have been working and winning new followers for years. Only a few years ago, they held political control of this Beni River region for almost a year. In Riberalta, main pueblo of this area,

they maintained control of the Teachers College for over five years. And throughout Bolivia, communism has been growing steadily. An Intelligence official told me that, of all the countries in South America, Bolivia is most likely to be the first to fall.

Communism thrives on unequal-

ANNUAL FAMILY INCOME



ity, poverty and injustice. All of these are to be found in the Beni area — a region about the size of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Maine combined. In good times, the average income for a working family is approximately \$200 a year. Families cannot afford to buy furniture, clothing and other necessities. Debt is their constant companion.






The economy of the area depends on rubber and Brazil nuts, both of which grow wild in the jungle. No industry exists in the region, although potentially this could be a very rich area.

The people live in one-room houses built of sticks and mud. The only articles of furniture are a few hammocks, a table and a chest for

clothes. Meals are cooked outdoors over an open fire. Because of the lack of privacy in jungle living, morality is very low. Problems of sanitation and health are acute. People die from lack of care because they are too distant from medical help. Malaria is more common than the common cold; liver infections, vitamin deficiencies, tuberculosis and pneumonia are the leading causes of death.

To overcome the deficiencies of jungle living we have been working on a master plan almost from the time the first Maryknollers entered Bolivian territory. This plan is not just a negative one, to fight communism; it is a positive and dynamic one, aimed at developing a people strong enough socially, economi-

JUNGLE PRICES COMPARED TO OURS

BENI REGION		UNITED STATES
27¢	←  →	10¢
30¢	←  →	8¢
90¢	←  →	14¢
\$1	←  →	25¢
90¢	←  →	11¢



A family of five, working hard in the jungle all day, can gather about 300 pounds of nuts.

cally, physically and spiritually to resist any influence that may tend to pull them down.

Our plan is simple. We intend to build a central base, train practical leaders, experiment in meeting the needs of the area, and from this base vitalize the jungle. Our plan is a modern application of the famous Jesuit "reductions" that were suc-

cessful in Bolivia and Paraguay some centuries ago.

Our project takes its name from the section of land we have already purchased: Blanca Flor, White Flower. We were able to buy a jungle area of about 100,000 acres on which there are rubber and nut trees. The funds for the purchase of this land were given by a business man in the United States who knows and loves the people of Latin America.

Because we consider the project of vital importance, we have already started work on it although we have not the necessary money. We are trusting God to inspire people to help us. Father Felix J. McGowan, of New Rochelle, N. Y., has been placed in charge of the project. He is a young, energetic missionary who

AFTER DEATH

you can still do good on earth. It may mean more to you from that vantage point. Write to us for our free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will.*



The jungle middle-man will pay \$2 for the nuts.



After transporting the nuts down-river, he gets \$6.



When sold in the American market, the nuts will bring \$120.

understands the problems of the area and has the willingness to do something about them.

Our first attack is against ignorance. After ten years of exploratory work, the educational program takes on an enormous importance. With the present lack of education in the jungle region, nothing effective can be accomplished to raise the standard of living.

Our plan is to build a large boarding school on the Blanca Flor property. Children from all parts of the jungle will be brought here for systematic and intensive training. The school will eventually hold 750 to 1,000 pupils. The pupils will raise their own food, devote some of their time to center projects, and learn trades. Eventually the school will be

self-supporting; but at the present time, we need \$15,000 to get it launched.

The second part of the plan is a direct assault against hunger and undernourishment. We are establishing basic industries at Blanca Flor, and these will show the people how to find a better life than that provided by wild rubber trees. Here on one of the richest sections of land in Bolivia, there is a tremendous food shortage, which is responsible for disease, debility and lack of ambition. The people have to work so hard bringing in rubber that they have no time to learn about agriculture and its benefits.

Our aim is to start an agricultural development that not only will supply food for all connected with the

HOW A JUNGLE WORKER SPENDS HIS WORK YEAR (312 days)



COLLECTING BRAZIL NUTS
48 DAYS



COLLECTING RUBBER
156 DAYS



TRAVELING TO SELL
7 DAYS

WORK COMPANY FARM
12 DAYS



HUNTING, TRAPPING
12 DAYS



CLEARING OWN LAND
77 DAYS



project, but also will demonstrate what can be done here. We are going to establish experimental farms with modern machinery. We plan to show that the Bolivian people can be self-sustaining. At the present time, Bolivia imports nearly all the sugar used in the country, and about half the rice needed. We plan to install a steam-power plant to operate both a sugar refinery and a rice mill. In addition we are putting in a sawmill, so that we can make use of the wonderful woods found in the jungle.

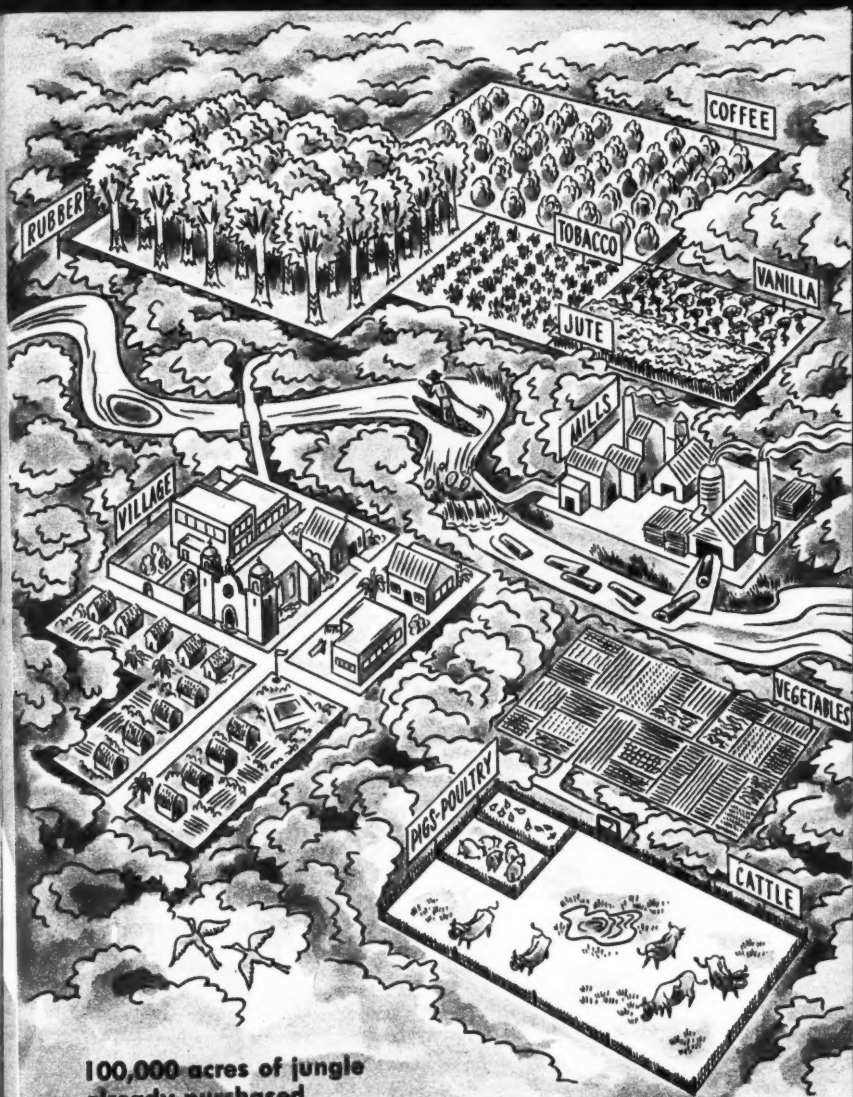
Blanca Flor will also have several kinds of plantations. We plan a large rubber plantation, based on methods used in the Far East. Now rubber gathering is hit and miss,

with the jungle workers walking long distances between the wild trees. With plantation development, the gathering can be done easily and a better grade of rubber obtained.

We are to have, also, plantations for coffee, jute, tobacco and vanilla. These crops will grow well here. If we can train the people to cultivate them, an entire new economy can come to the Beni.

Finally, we plan an agricultural program that will provide all the basic vegetables needed for a healthy life. Father James J. Logue has already done much experimental work along this line, on his farm near Riberalta.

In this region the people hardly know what it is to eat fresh meat,



100,000 acres of jungle
already purchased

THE BLANCA FLOR PROJECT

except the few animals they shoot in the jungle. The meat diet is mostly supplied by a type of dried, leather-like beef known as charqui. Even this is not available for months at a time. But in the Beni there are thousands of acres of pampas, suitable for cattle raising. A breed of Cebu cattle crossed with the local Criolla has been found most resistant to heat and disease. We know of forage grasses that will overcome the persistent efforts of the jungle to reclaim cleared land.

We intend, therefore, to teach animal husbandry at Blanca Flor and to build up our own herd. We even hope to be able to supply outside demands for fresh meat. Beginning such a program on a substantial scale, demands considerable capital. Stock must be bought; jungle land cleared and fenced; and such things as tractors, water pumps and vaccines purchased.

A side product would be the leather the cattle would produce. At present there is no tannery in the Beni, and jungle people do not wear shoes because of the high prices. Blanca Flor will solve this problem.

The project blueprint calls, also, for the raising of pigs, chickens and

ducks. This development will insure another supply of fresh meat and also eggs.

We have already started resettling the jungle people on our Blanca Flor tract. We know that more families than we can accommodate will

want to join the project, so perhaps some day another such place will be established. The Blanca Flor people will live

in a central village that will have elementary school, high school, hospital and church. From this central village, the workers will care for the various projects and plantations.

We estimate that the Blanca Flor plan will be in full operation in ten years. This will depend on how much financial help we shall receive from kind benefactors. Many thousands of dollars are needed to get every phase underway; and the more money that comes in, the faster we can make progress.

We hear much these days about the development of backward regions. After ten years of investigating, planning and experimenting, we know the solution for the Beni region. If Blanca Flor is a success, jungle life will be completely transformed. But we need help.

DO YOU KNOW

a boy or a girl who would be a good foreign missionary? Write for free literature about Maryknoll Fathers, Brothers, or Sisters, to give to your friend.

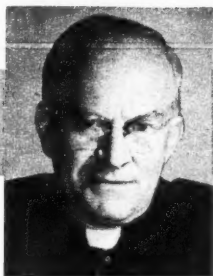


AT HOME

WHEN a tanker broke up near Kagoshima, Italian Catholics among the crew had a Mass of thanksgiving offered for their rescue. Though the priest in Kagoshima is a Japanese, the Italians felt at home. Non-Catholic crew members were impressed by the spirit of brotherhood existing between Catholics of the most diverse nationalities.

THE GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane
Superior General of Maryknoll



Thirty-two years ago a Dutch Jesuit, Father James van Ginneken, began the Grail movement which has become an outstanding asset of the lay apostolate. I had the privilege of visiting the American headquarters of the Grail in Ohio on two occasions, and each time I was deeply impressed and edified.

In Colombia I met Miss Josephine Drabek, who has been with the Grail movement from its inception in the States, and Miss Priscilla Rivera. I have seen the methods these two Grail members use among Catholic women in a number of places in Latin America. This has strongly convinced me of the necessity of using Grail methods to stimulate Catholic women to a more complete realization of the part they can play in converting the world.

I understand that the Grail will open a branch soon in Brazil. My earnest hope is that others may be set up before long on the west coast of South America and Central America. Mission Superiors have no choice in the matter of encouraging the lay apostolate, according to Our Holy Father's most recent missionary encyclical, *Evangelii Praecones*.

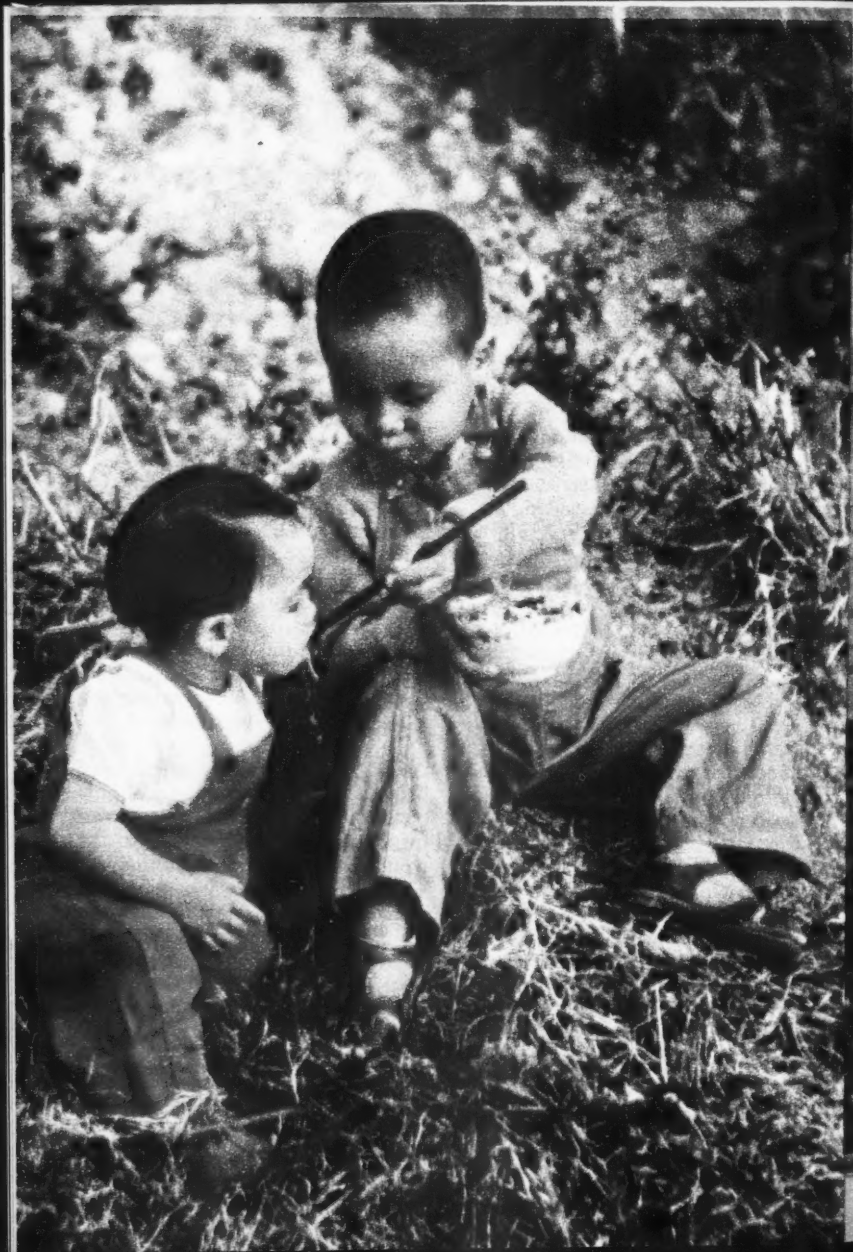
Maryknoll is indebted to the Grail

for a successful experiment in the lay apostolate now being carried on by Father Hessler in the town of Bacalar, Mexico. Miss Consuelo Segura and Miss Emilia Lovato were both trained at Grailville. Both have been doing splendid work in the Bacalar mission.

I spent several days at Bacalar, witnessing the activities of these young women. I must say that they seem to have the answer to a great many of the difficulties that a missionary runs into, in organizing the women folk in the mission fields.

Over 3,000 young women have been trained at Grailville. Some belong to the corps of the movement, dedicating their lives to the work of the lay apostolate. Some belong on a temporary basis, taking courses that will enable them to train mothers on the missions in child welfare. Others are taught the know-how to encourage natives to bring Christ into the market place.

I can say without hesitation that the Grail training is one that is truly Catholic in scope and has a real missionary flavor.





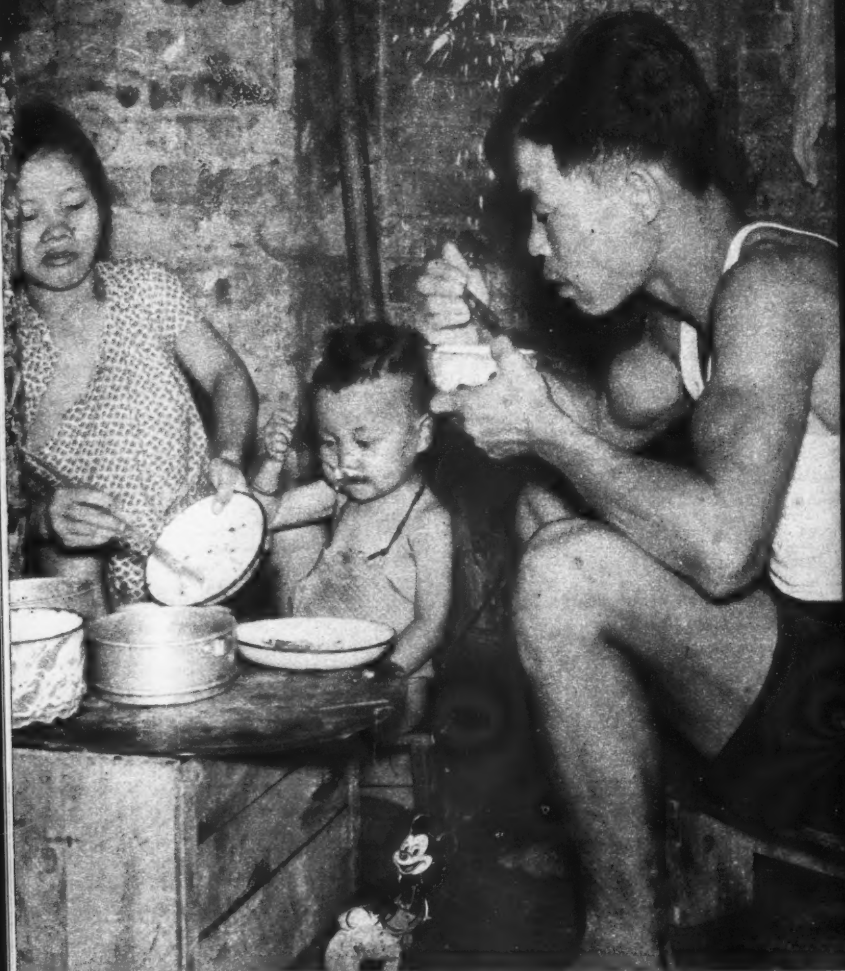
Father John Curran, of Montana, exiled from China, walks through his Ngau T'au Kok parish daily, making friends for the Church among the refugees.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

A PHOTOGRAPHIC CLOSE-UP
FROM HONG KONG

■ TODAY almost two million people are trying to start life anew on the British-held island of Hong Kong. These are the Chinese people who fled or were expelled from Red China. Few of them were able to take their money or belongings. Most of them are destitute and in need of immediate aid. Among those working with the refugees are the Maryknollers, also China exiles.

◀ American clothing and relief rice keep many refugees alive. Hong Kong has almost two million refugees who have escaped Red brutality and terror.



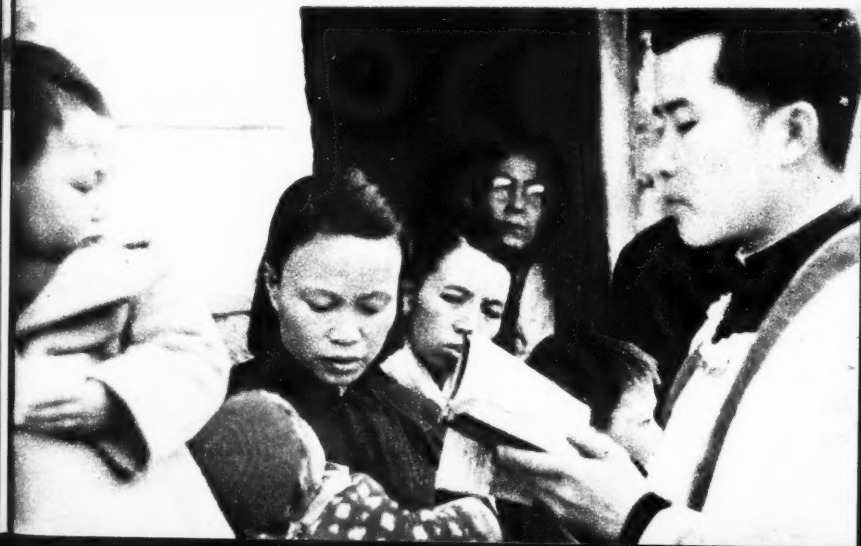
Entire families must live in alleys because no other shelters can be found. This former farmer supports his family through odd jobs but has not as yet found a real home. The missionaries are erecting housing as they get funds.



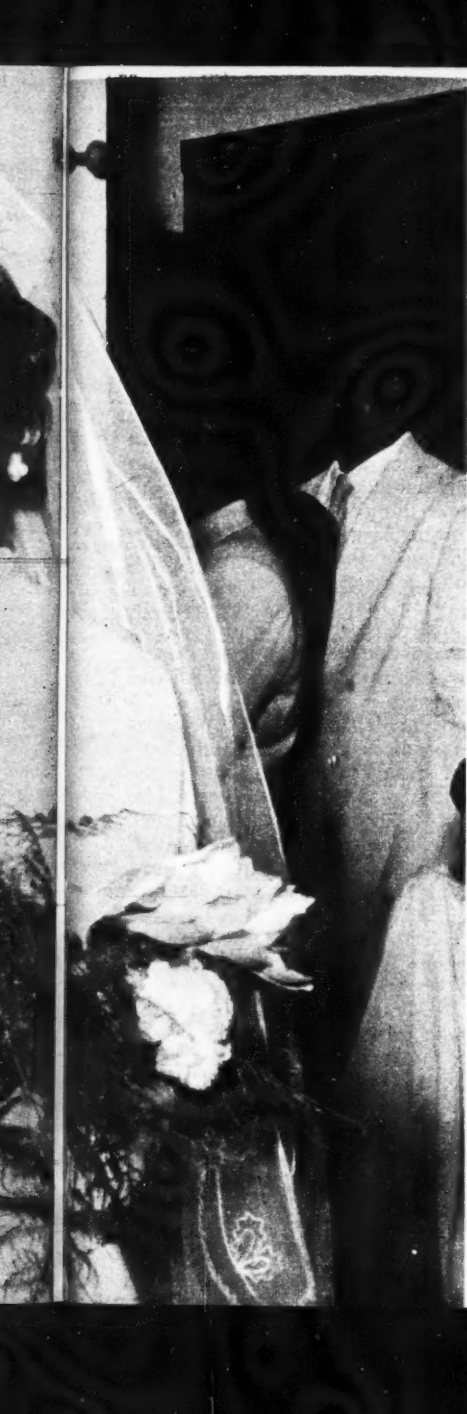




Bishop Bianchi, of Hong Kong, himself a Communist prisoner, lays the cornerstone of a new school built by Maryknoll for the refugees. (Below) A Maryknoll-trained Chinese priest baptizes children of refugee families







A Wolof Takes a Wife

Dakar's version of something
old, something new, something
borrowed, and something blue.

BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE

■ THE COCKS and the muezzins vied with each other in waking us this morning. As the sun comes up in Dakar, streams of muffled figures plod silently toward their work, many wearing the fez or its local equivalent, for three quarters of the population of Dakar is Moslem.

Indeed, of the 17 million dwellers in French West Africa (of which Dakar is the capital) 7 million are sons of the prophet. Small wonder, then, that the Moslem call to prayer, sounded by hoarse-voiced Negro muezzins throughout the Medina, Dakar's native city, fills our ears here in the house of the White Fathers.

This abundance of Moslems, which has influenced so greatly Catholic mission work in French West Africa, heightens the joy at

every evidence of Christian advance. Hence, the especially keen happiness of all thoughtful folk who witnessed today the wedding of Mark Monet and Angelique Mendy. The ceremony was a visible triumph for many things that the missionaries have been striving after here for something over a century, and I as a Maryknoller was very happy to be a participant.

French West Africa consists of eight separate divisions. The division of Senegal, of which Dakar is local center as well as the capital of the entire area, is not one of the most flourishing in the Faith. The southern sections of Dahomey and of the Ivory Coast, where the African Mission Society of Lyons carries on, rank highest. Islam rules everywhere in the interior — which includes the French Sudan, the Upper Volta and the Niger Colony — territory committed predominantly to the White Fathers. But there are islets of non-Islamized peoples and among these the White Fathers have made good progress.

The last three of the eight divisions—French Guinea, Senegal and Mauritania — are cared for by the Holy Ghost Fathers; while Guinea and small sectors of Senegal have given them consolation, the great part of their territory has offered them a hard fight.

All the more joy for these missionaries, therefore, in such events as today's.

Mark Monet is the youngest son of a large and what is known locally as an old Catholic family. He and his brother have been active in Dakar's Catholic youth movement.

Angelique is next to the youngest child of a similarly outstanding Catholic family. Her father was mayor of Dakar and she has followed a pattern set by her elders of being very active in charities and in Catholic societies. Rather reticent and instinctively modest, Angelique gives the impression of being shy and retiring but the fact is that she is remarkable for her initiative. In her quiet way, she organizes not only her fellow Africans but as well great numbers among the 25,000 Europeans in Dakar, all of whom fall under the spell of her charm and her goodness.

When Mark and Angelique announced that they would wed, a wave of enthusiasm touched the entire colony of some 10,000 African Catholics in the city of Dakar. "A perfect pair," many said. "Wonderful promise for a fine Catholic family," remarked others. Many of the Catholics are simple workmen who lead lowly lives. A considerable number, however, are well educated. Few if any are rich; but as Government employees or as officers in European companies, they have the means to possess good homes and to assume the ways of cultivated folk of the Western World. This they do with a measure and modesty that make them one of the maturer of the groups of *evolués* that are developing in so many centers in Africa.

The cynics among the Europeans in Africa poke fun at the *evolués* as disoriented savages who take upon themselves the trappings of civilization yet engage in ridiculous gaucheries that can only bring disdain on them. Such critics forget that

our ancestors were once plain men of the forest. The first among our forebears to put on the clothes and follow the habits of the cultured circles of ancient Rome probably made foolish blunders and drew the jibes of the lookers-on. But Christian discipline and shrewd consideration among the more thoughtful quickly set up canons that came to govern the new society.

Before our eyes here in Dakar we have an example of this evolution of Christian society. All these Catholics are of the Wolof people, a tribe of some 600,000 that has lived for unnumbered generations in Senegal. They are large of build, fine of feature, of a handsomely rich black. They have been mediocre farmers who have disdained raising flocks. They have a tradition for careful organization; like many other tribes in Africa, they trace heredity on the side of the mother.

About a century ago, the French came and willy-nilly the Wolofs were drawn into their orbit. Government officials and the army dwelt on material things, except at times to encourage the Wolofs to become Moslems since so many French administrators felt this was best for the African. The missionaries, meanwhile, brought them the Faith and Christian ideals and gave them schools even before the Government built any.

Today in Dakar the farthest advanced among the African Catholics comprise the top rank in African society here. While many Moslem men are well educated and formed to modern culture, as a rule their women are not. This means that

the men are ashamed of the women. Moslems do not enter easily into mixed society with the wife coequal companion of the husband.

This morning for the marriage of Mark and Angelique this best of Dakar's African society was on hand in Sacred Heart Church. Besides the grownups there were heavy contingents of teen-agers with the banners of their Catholic youth societies. As Angelique with modest poise came gracefully down the center aisle, they gave her their formal salute in loud staccato with much deep feeling. She is their leader; they love her as their little queen.

There were, of course, all the trappings of the West. Six maids of honor in exquisite blue followed the bride in her cloud of white. Six charming little flower girls also in blue and two tiny boy attendants in white brought smiles from everybody, with their unpredictable twists and squirms. Bishop Guibert of Dakar celebrated the Nuptial Mass and, quite as he might do for a distinguished couple at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, he delivered a special sermon as an exhortation to Mark and Angelique. He recited their life histories and must have made them feel uneasy by the high accomplishments with which he taxed them for the future.

After Mass a great concourse of brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts and cousins poured into the sacristy to salute His Excellency and to witness the signing of the record. Many of the men were in morning clothes and the women were smartly dressed in finery that in great part had come from Paris.

A large new garage was engaged for the informal wedding breakfast that followed. Hardly a fitting place, one might feel, for fine dresses; but it was appropriately clean and neatly decorated. Great candy ornaments made of peanut brittle (Dakar exports thousands of tons of peanuts annually for their oil) decorated the long tables, at the head of which the newlyweds established themselves for the reception.

Among the hundreds present at the reception were several dozen Moslems and their wives. While the Christians were in Western clothes, as were many of the Moslem men, the Moslem women wore ornate native garb of richly flowing robes, colorful kerchiefs on their heads and a profusion of necklaces and bracelets of hammered gold and silver. There are, it goes without saying,

friendly family relations between the Christian minority in Dakar and many of the city's Moslems.

I found it extremely interesting to talk to the guests whom I met through the kindness of my host in Dakar, Father Rummelhardt. There were, for instance, Mr. and Mrs. Faye. Mr. Faye is an instructor in one of Dakar's schools, a thoughtful man from Moslem stock, who entered the Church while in college. He is married to a young lady whose family name is also Faye and who has two brothers Trappist monks — one in the monastery near Yaounde in the French Cameroons and the other in a great Trappist foundation in France.

With Father Rummelhardt, I later visited the Faye home and met little John, aged three, and tiny Marie Regina, six months old. Mr.

Angelique has a lump in her throat. The warm, spontaneous buss of a neighbor's little girl is a memory that Angelique will treasure all the rest of her days.



Faye had just returned from Europe, where he had visited Our Lady's shrine at Lourdes. And on Marie Regina's wrist, as she played with Father Rummelhardt's neck rosary, dangled a tiny bracelet with a medal her dad brought back from Lourdes.

At the lunch, too, was Martha Kpakpo, a young lady from Dahomey who is in her third year in medical college here in Dakar, and is due to go to Paris to secure her degree as doctor of medicine. Martha is of the Fon people, as the practiced eye can ascertain by noting the oval shape of her head. Dahomey is the farthest advanced of the eight divisions of French West Africa and supplies an unusual number of Government employees, many of whom are Catholics. Indeed, Catholic schools help get many Catholics into positions where they can do good. Of the 80 candidates at present in the Dakar Institute of Midwives, 55 are Catholics.

Unfortunately, African priests and Sisters are few in Dakar and Senegal generally, though their development is further advanced in other sections of West Africa. One African priest was on hand for the wedding of Mark and Angelique. We can hope that this highly essential category of African leaders can soon be in better supply.

Mark and Angelique were wreathed in smiles as I added my good wishes to the congratulations of their neighbors and host of friends. How they felt about me I don't know but I can say quite definitely that I felt very close and warm toward these two children of the Wolof people as I shook their hands.

SEPTEMBER, 1953



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THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Please send me your free
Annuity booklet without
obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

PRAYER COMPOSED BY HOLY FATHER

O Jesus, born a tiny Babe so that all children may feel You are their Brother, and know that You love them, behold us from all over the world, united around You, to tell You in one great chorus, that we love You and desire to reproduce Your traits in our spirit, our heart and our life.

You draw all to Yourself and we respond so willingly to Your invitation.

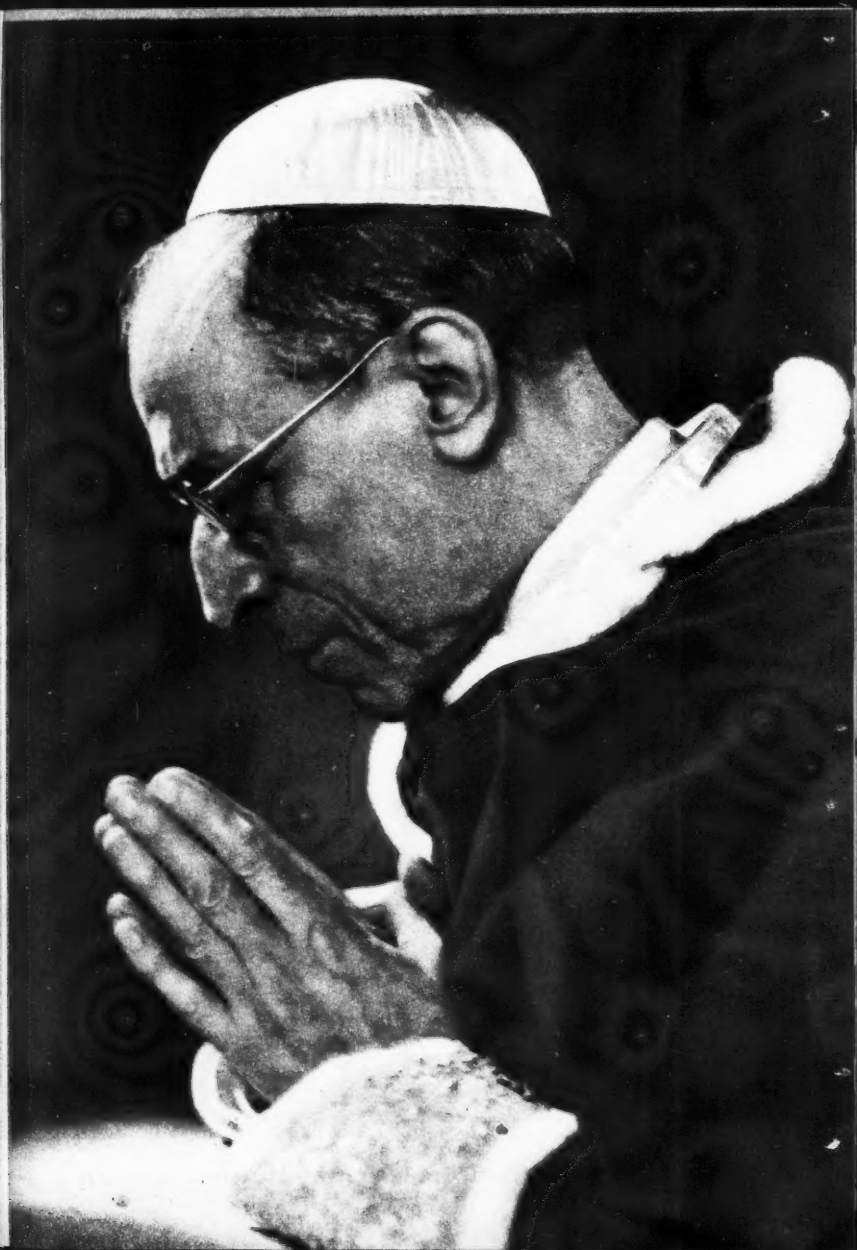
You open wide Your arms and we are so happy to repose upon Your bosom.

But, dear Jesus, all Your little ones are not here.

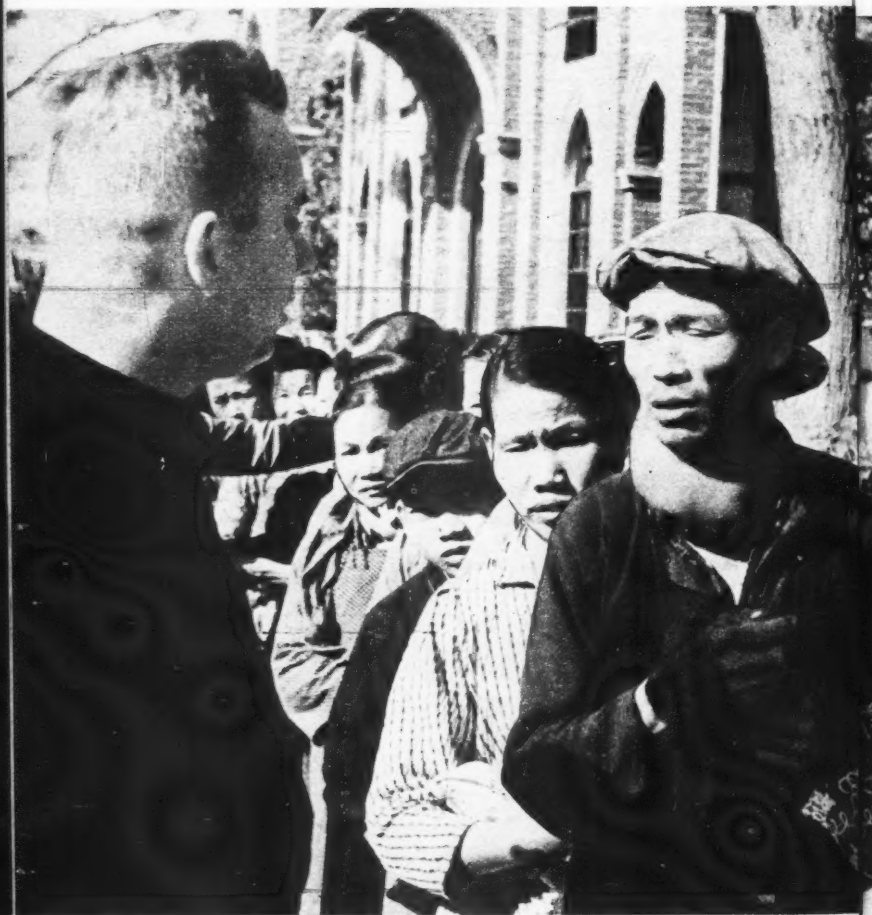
The greatest number of little children do not know You yet as we do, they do not know that You are seeking them, that You are waiting for them, and that it is for them You are asking those who love You, as the gift which would please You most and the one You desire most.

For them, then, we pray, dear Jesus, as we pray for ourselves.

Pius pp. XII



The Big Throat



In the United States, goiter is practically non-existent.

People



BY MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR

■ GRANDMA had come thirty miles from Falling Water Valley to stand in the long, long line. She smiled as Father Manning passed by, and tugged at his sleeve. "Sec, it's smaller already, Spiritual Father," she said. And she pointed at her neck, grossly disfigured by a huge goiter.

Grandma is one of the 4,000 people who come every Tuesday to the Catholic mission in Tienchung, Formosa, for free medicine for their goiters. Tienchung is in the center of a goiter-ridden area. One out of five women has the unsightly disease, and one out of fifteen men.

Father James T. Manning, of New Rochelle, N. Y., recognized the need of doing something to curb the goiter incidence in this mission. Father Manning, who is pastor of Tienchung's 1,400 Catholics, persuaded the U. S. Navy to send a bacteriologist to survey the prevalence of the disease. Father Francis O'Neill, from Rhode Island, also assisted in getting the program under way.

The first week, only 250 people

In Tienchung, Formosa, one out of five are diseased.



Four thousand line up every Tuesday at the mission for goiter medicine.

came. Then the "bamboo wireless" began to spread the word around that the Lord of Heaven Religion was doing something for people with the big throat disease. Next week 500 came, the third week 800. Now, every Tuesday more than 4,000 come.

Key figures in this public health program are the two Hungarian Sisters of Charity stationed at Tien-chung; Sisters Alena and Juvenita, who were expelled from the China mainland by the Communists after fifteen years of work there. Sister Alena is a registered nurse, trained in a Budapest hospital.

We call Tuesday "Goiter Day" — with good reason. We have little time to think of anything else that

day. At dawn huge caldrons of water are boiling in the kitchen; the water is mixed with powdered milk, in which the medicine is dissolved. Two tables are set up and manned by lay helpers who keep clinical records. At 7 A.M. the lines begin to form; and soon the Sisters are at work, dropping the medicine into bowls of warm milk — two drops the first week, four drops the second, eight the third, and so on.

By 10:30 A.M. the mission property is jammed — hundreds of women, most of them with babies tied on their backs; scores of children, some of them only five or six years old; and a sprinkling of men — all of them with goiter. Small goiters,



Key figures at the Tienchung dispensary are these two Hungarian Sisters.

medium goiters and huge goiters that make a person gasp in astonishment. Some are ugly masses of flesh hanging halfway to the waist. The sick are of all kinds and classes, rich and poor, men, women and children. And they come from all over: from Round Trees Village and Hill Top Village, from Bamboo Mountain and Falling Water Valley. They come by train from Nalai and Taulam; by bus from Potau, Erlin and Siatau.

As the long lines stretch from one end of the property to the other, Father Manning and I, with two catechists, pass among the waiters, greeting the people, asking about their progress, explaining that this

medicine is coming to them through the kindness of the Catholic Church. Four lay helpers are kept busy registering each patient. Over in the kitchen the young girls of the Blessed Mother Sodality are tirelessly preparing milk and carrying it to the Sisters. The Sisters are the busiest of all, as they mix the dose for each person and hand it out with a smile.

A number of cures have been reported. Almost all say that their goiters have become smaller. We feel that over a period of several months a great many of the smaller goiters will disappear; the larger ones will be reduced. We have tried to persuade young girls to come for the medicine, even though they do

not yet have goiters, telling them that if they take the medicine they will not get the disease. But it is difficult to put over the idea of preventative medicine to those who are not yet afflicted with the disease.

So Operation Goiter goes on at Tienchung and we have no idea where it will end. Every week three to five hundred new patients come, but there *must* be a limit to the goiter cases in this area. Meanwhile we are making contacts and friends through this helping of the afflicted.

"The Catholic Church is very kind," is one of the many nice things one hears as one walks along the lines of waiting people. That's what we want to hear. We had printed a two-page leaflet which we give to those who inquire about who we are and why we are here helping the people in their need. This pamphlet is titled *When you Drink Water, Re-*

member the Source (after a Chinese proverb). The pamphlet tells that the medicine is not supplied by the Government or by any relief agency, but comes from the Catholic Church. We are giving out medicine not be-

cause we are rich but because we want to follow Christ's example of helping those in need.

When Father Manning went to the local printer to have the leaflets printed, the man read the copy and said immediately, "I will print as many as you want but I can't charge you for them. A religion that is as charitable as yours is, is a good religion. I am interested in it. Can I come to study the doctrine?" He has been coming to Mass ever since.

Bus conductors will no longer accept fares from the Sisters. We have been here less than two years but every village in a radius of twenty-five miles knows why we are here.

HELP MAKE FRIENDS

for the Church. Three dollars is enough to pay for fifteen hundred doses of medicine to cure goiters.

INDY ANN VISITS THE JUNGLE

BY PAULI



Boating on the Beni

BY JAMES L. SCHANBERGER

■ TONIGHT I am sailing down the Beni River, in Bolivia. A few hours ago I boarded the launch *11th of October*. I went to the bow to enjoy the scenery — alone only for a short time. Once the passengers found out that a priest was aboard, they crowded around and peppered me with questions.

"Are you new to this country, Padre? Where do you come from? Where are you going? Do you know Padre Jaime? How do you like our Beni?"

The answers came easily because I've answered similar questions a hundred times or more since coming to Bolivia. I've come to know by personal experience just what it means to work in a country where priests are scarce. Everywhere the people wear their hearts on their sleeves and show their hunger for what only a Padre can do for them.

They insisted that I eat first, as their honored guest. I noticed a little girl perched on a coil of rope. Her mother brought her a plate of food and a dog ran over to share her meal; the lass nonchalantly brushed the dog aside. After the passengers had finished eating, the hungry launch hands fell to.

A young couple walked to the rail, enjoying the beautiful evening

moon. There were only a few scattered clouds in the sky and a cool breeze brought welcome relief from the heat of the day. A launch hand dropped onto a nearby sack; he was so tired that he fell asleep in a matter of seconds.

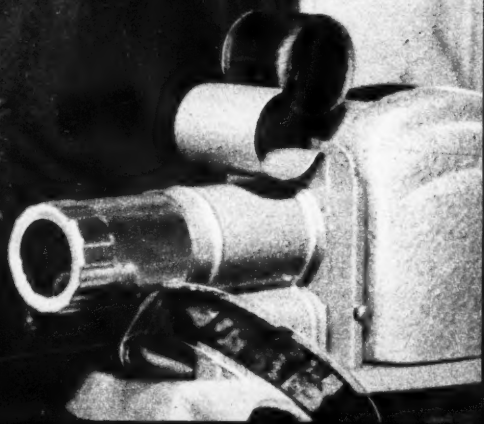
The man at the helm caught my attention. He is a young, confident fellow, idolized by young and old with something of the hero worship people had for the pilots of steamboats that plied the Mississippi in the days of Mark Twain. Pilots of these river launches must be competent because the river is treacherous; the current is swift and full of booby traps especially suited to wreck an unwary pilot's craft.

Below decks the men are feeding the hungry boiler that furnishes the steam which the pilot must have at his beck and call to handle emergencies that happen so often.

Watching the men work makes me sleepy. Like the rest of the passengers, I will string up my hammock on deck. The steady hum of the motor will lull me to sleep. We'll make port tomorrow morning. For me, it will be the journey's end. But for other Maryknollers it is just another stop on the great river on which they make endless round trips to tell people of the love of God.



Conflict. The old and new
clash in Moslem-land as this veiled
woman examines a filmstrip. The fol-
lowers of Islam keep women in the
background. It is Christianity that gives
modern women their rightful dignity.



OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU TO SUPPLY MISSION CHAPEL NEEDS

You may choose GUATEMALA...

\$500, without strings, will supply a tower bell, a statue, and incidentals for a chapel the Indians themselves are constructing.

You may select BOLIVIA...

1. New chapel complete at Blanca Flor \$2,500
(Donor may designate name.)
2. Chapel Repair Fund 100
(Tropical storms have destroyed chapel roofs.)

You may prefer THE PHILIPPINES...

Vestments	\$25 set	Monstrance	\$150
Small linens	8 set	Benediction vestments	85
Altar missals	30	Altar cards	15 set

You may decide on CHILE...

Mass candles	\$25 year	Vestments	\$25 set
Altar cloths	30 set	Prayer books50 each
Mass wine & hosts	30 year	Rosaries25 each

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

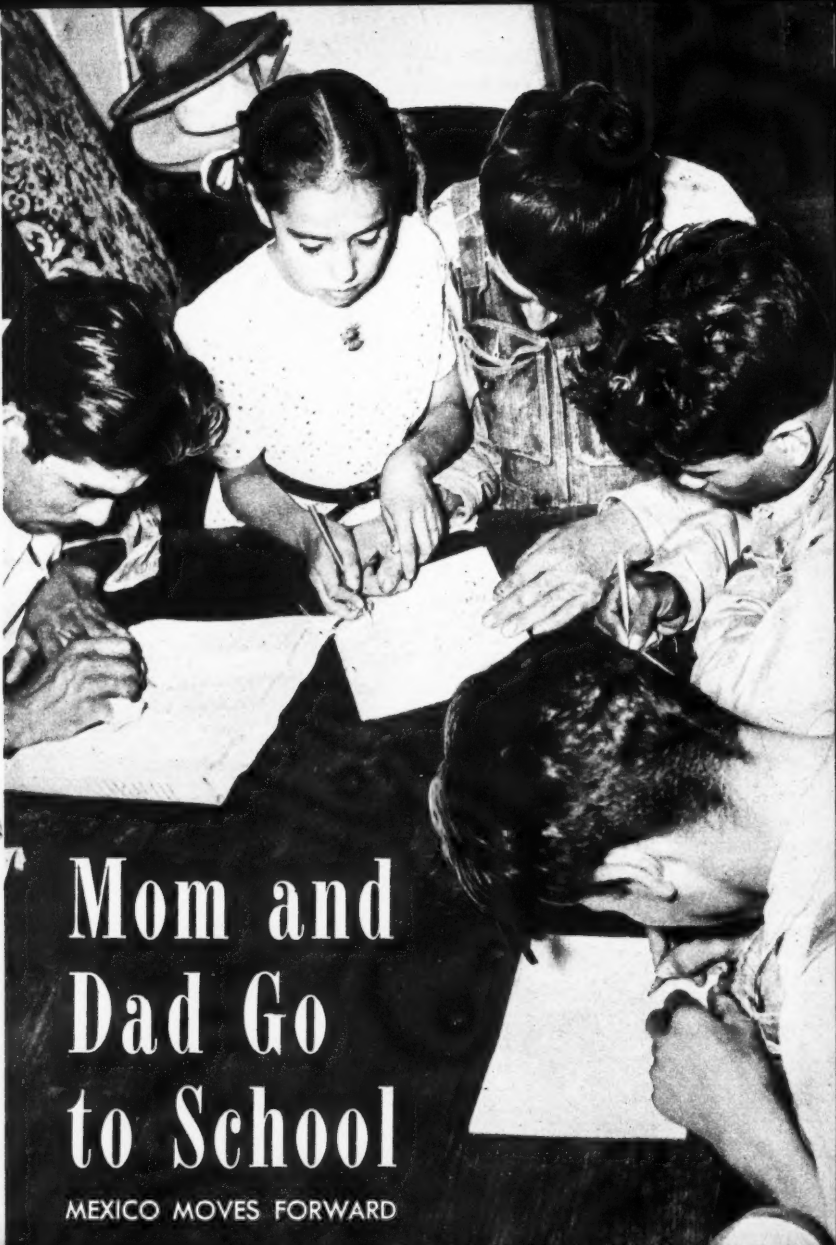
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$. to donate
mentioned above.

My Name

My Address

City Zone State



Mom and Dad Go to School

MEXICO MOVES FORWARD

Many Latin-American lands are waging war on all fronts against illiteracy — the inability to read or write. Chief among them is the

country of Mexico. There, in the past few years, millions of simple men and women have taken to a study of their A B C's.



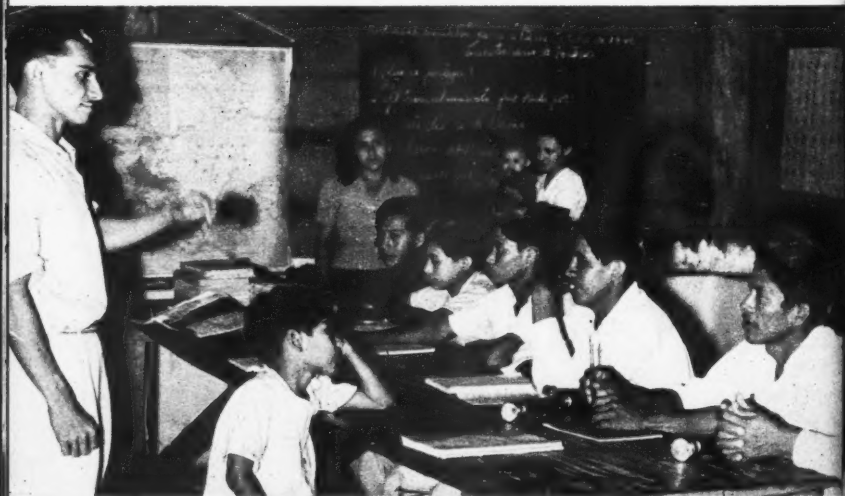


The thirst for knowledge is reflected in the deep concentration of these women.





In numerous schools set up throughout Mexico, parents learn side by side with their children. In many cases, children are used to teach elders.



This Yucatan schoolroom is open nights to teach the chicleros workers. Many mothers (right), unable to leave their youngest, bring them along to class.



Through reading and writing,
a whole new world is opened.



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Dear Maryknoll Fathers,

I understand Maryknoll Seminary which sends priests to "teach all nations" has no permanent chapel.

☐ I enclose \$.....for the chapel.

☐ I shall send you \$.....each month for the chapel.

Please send me a monthly reminder.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....





The Bishop Comes to Erh-Pa-Tan

BY JOHN F. WALSH

■ ONE OF THE finest memories I have of my days in Erh-Pa-Tan, Manchuria, is the happiness of the Christians on the day Bishop Lane came to our village to administer Confirmation. The lodestar of their faith moved the Chinese to show every honor to the bishop whose office makes him such an intimate participant in Christ's priesthood.

Every member of the parish entered into the spirit of the occasion and worked for weeks to prepare for the coming of Bishop Lane. Old folks from the country traveled days on foot in order to be present at the confirmation of their great-grandchildren. Many pagan neighbors dropped in for a look see.

When Bishop Lane arrived, open house was held so the folks could come in and chat with the honored guest. It was revealing and refreshing to see the heartfelt happiness and deep gratitude of these Christians as they visited with their ecclesiastical superior. The beauty and depth of their faith were shown in many ways.

One old couple made a long and tiresome trip to see the bishop. Their family had been blessed with the Faith through many generations. They told Bishop Lane of their gratitude for all that he and his missionary priests had done for them and their families through the

years. The bishop took occasion to exhort them to use this opportunity to go to confession and receive Communion.

"Oh yes, Your Excellency, we will go to confession and receive Holy Communion. But actually," he said, pointing to his wife to whom he had been married for some fifty-five years, "she does not really have to go to confession because she does not know how to commit sin."

I've heard few more beautiful expressions of the appreciation of a husband for his wife than is contained in those words.

But in this our day, the faith of our Manchurian Christians is being put to a severe test. Many priests and faithful among the Chinese have given their lives in testimony of their loyalty to Our Lord. Priests in disguise are able to offer Mass on occasion. They realize that to be caught in such circumstances is to seal their death warrant; the faithful likewise know that a similar fate awaits them if the Reds apprehend them while attending Mass.

We ask the charity of your prayers for the Chinese, as they pass their days under stress and severe trial. Beg God to give them the perseverance and strength of their martyred forebears, until the day when in God's good time they will be freed from the Communists.

INDIA

ALMOST ONE-FOURTH THE WORLD

■ MOST AMERICANS have only the haziest notion about the vast subcontinent called India. Cursed by the evil of the caste system, threatened by the turbulence of the Communists, the 350 million people of India will play an increasingly important role in world affairs. India may well hold the balance of power between communism and freedom.



Indian schoolboy — his future is a clouded one.



The majority of the people are Hindu, although tradition holds the Apostle Thomas first introduced Christianity.



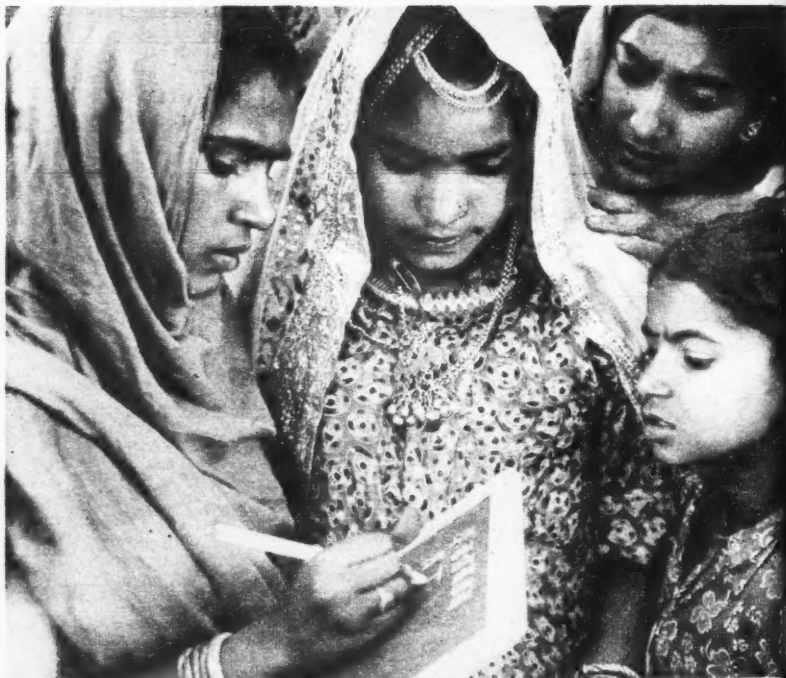
When in 1498 the Portuguese landed in India, they found 200,000 Christians leading an organized Catholic life.

India has 48 distinct racial groups, speaking some 150 diverse tongues. The average Indian is poor, with little opportunity for any improvement.



Hinduism is more than mere religion for the Indian. It is a way of life, where as in the Oriental bazaar, one can find something for every taste.





▲ About 10% of India's people are able to read and write, in a ratio of one girl to every five boys. The Government is seeking to increase the literacy.

◀ Although Pakistan was cut from India to be a Moslem nation, about 40 million Moslems remain.

Under Hinduism, women do not ➤ occupy a lofty position. In the picture (opposite) they are used as beasts of burden by the men.



◀ Leader of India's four million Catholics is the newly appointed Cardinal Gracias. Like most non-Christian lands, India needs priests.

Among the higher ▶ castes, women are taking their rightful place. Madame Pandit (far right), chatting here with Madame Chiang Kai-shek, is internationally famous.



The Open Door

■ **DIVINE PROVIDENCE** opens doors to the missionaries of every generation and country. It does so as a rule not by great miracles or specific interventions, but rather by disposing the ground insensibly. For that reason, the salient conditions existing in a country at a given time will usually provide the key to its successful evangelization because those conditions, if not always favorable from a human point of view, are yet shaped by Providence to prepare the way in some wise for the successful preaching of the Gospel.

To hold otherwise, would seem almost tantamount to saying that God is capable of neglecting His children and that He does not wish all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the Truth.

At the present day in China the one salient social fact is the extraordinary power the Government has over the lives of the entire population. It is in no way surprising, therefore, that the character of this power should be regarded as a dispensation of Divine Providence, constituting the great open door for

mission work in China today. It is in no way surprising, therefore, that the persecution of the Church in China should be regarded as a dispensation of Divine Providence, constituting the great open door for the mission work of today.

If this principle needs any confirmation, it receives that in the fact that missionaries of any experience have recognized the truth for hundreds of years. Whole missionary campaigns that have obtained numerous converts have been based on the saying of Saint Paul: "A great door . . . is opened unto me, and many adversaries." (I Cor. xvi:9)

IT IS NOT claimed that such a program is easy, but merely that it is possible, feasible and favored by all the natural circumstances of the case. While it is not easy, it is yet a great deal easier than any other mission plan — in the sense of envisaging results. Ease, indeed, is a word that is never used in any absolute sense of any form of mission effort. No mission work ever is or can be, properly speaking, easy.



This Month's Cover

The young Japanese lady on our cover is one of the 85 million people of Japan, crowded into an area roughly the size of California. Some say that the solution for Japan is to limit population by birth control. We feel that the problem can be resolved only by the family of nations freely yielding some of their arable but unused land for Japanese food production.

Moreover, ease in producing results and ease in performance are two quite different things. The easiest way to reach the North Pole is to fly over it, yet there is certainly little ease of performance in such a feat. It is so with mission work in times of persecution. It is possible and even probable that converts will be made, but it is not easy. Every missionary who ever saw a persecution produce converts knows that. Here is a case of an open door in juxtaposition to many adversaries.

TO LEARN the causes that spread Christianity in an age of persecution, and to penetrate the motives of those who adopted and spread it, one must necessarily look into many human hearts. The Faith of Christ will triumph in its test of strength with the Soviet Empire, but it will not be the Christians themselves as a human force who will win the battle. Human factors will play a part in this struggle between earth and heaven. Christians are hunted, tortured and put to death; they are decimated and slaughtered in great masses. And yet at the end of the long torment, they will be found everywhere in organized strength and great numbers. Only God Himself knows fully the deep and crucial issues involved and the absolute necessity of the victory.

Through the whole series of reverses and triumphs of the Church, runs a golden thread that unifies the drama and gives it its true meaning. A divine design is being worked out in the hearts of men and Christ is the designer. He pours into

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



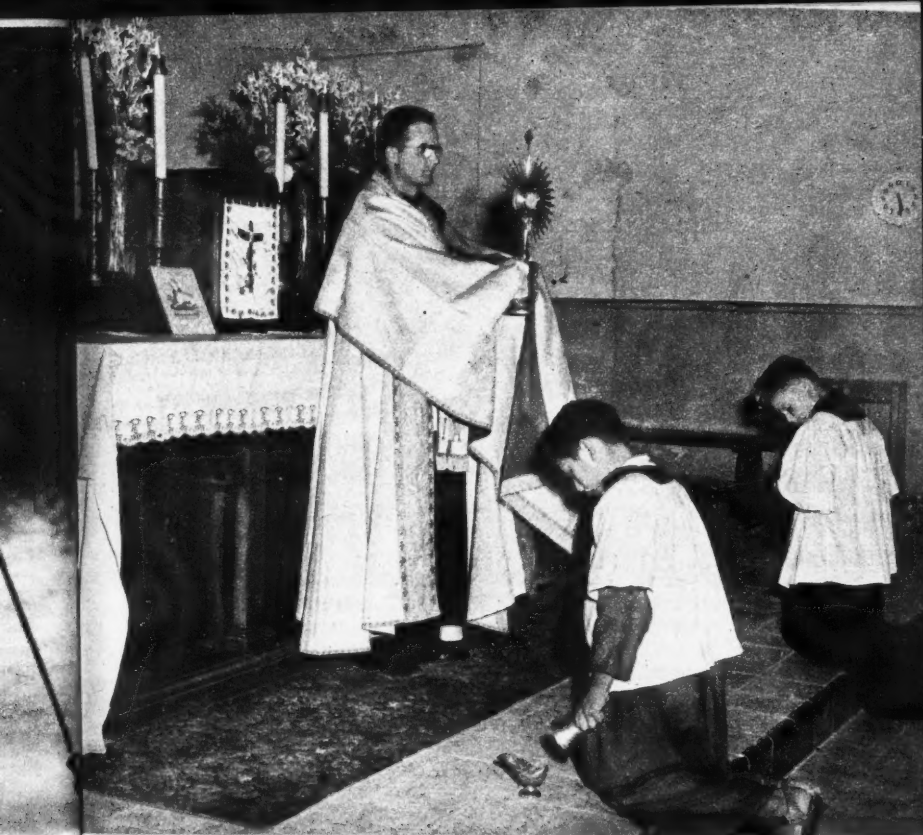
Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

the souls of His elect an unearthly strength that makes them true and steadfast. By the brotherly benevolence of their lives and the superhuman courage of their deaths, His faithful followers demonstrate the conquering element that He brought on earth in His charity. They could never win such a victory of themselves; their fidelity is, therefore, proof of His triumph.

In a world starving for truth and justice and love, brave Christians have the grace to look on the cross of Christ as their salvation. They know whom they believe, and He gives them living water.

— Bishop James E. Walsh





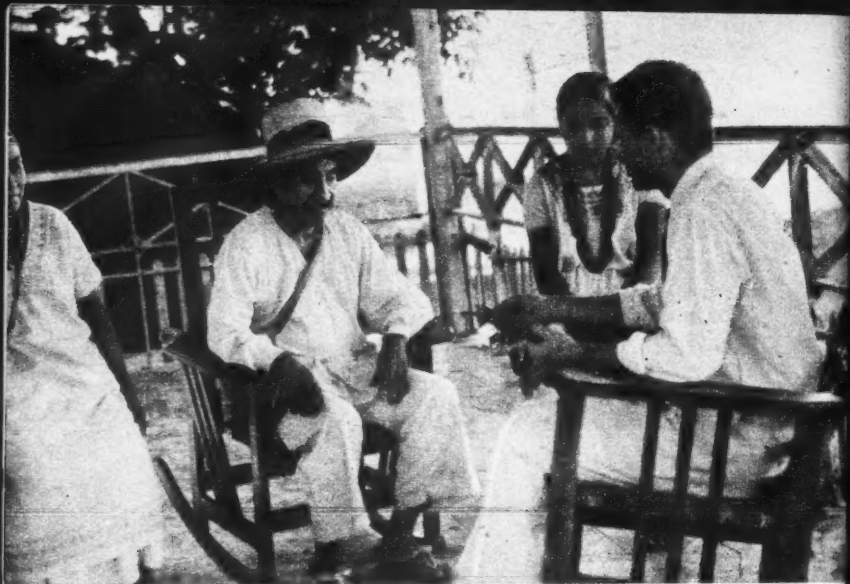
Since many of his people are seafarers, Father McGuire is at home in the riggings (opposite). Afternoon Benediction (above) brings God to Cozumel.

■ THE FIRST recorded Mass in Mexico was offered on Cozumel Island, off the shore of Yucatan, not long after Columbus discovered the New World. Then for many years the island was priestless. Today a Maryknoll missionary, Father John R. McGuire, of Mayfield, Pa., is pastor of Cozumel, a tiny dot in the coral waters of the Caribbean Sea. Padre Mac is spiritual father and big brother to all islanders.

SEPTEMBER, 1953

PADRE MAC

A MEXICAN PORTRAIT
BY THOMAS P. O'ROURKE



This Mayan chief, accompanied by his wife and daughter, talks over a back-country problem with Padre Mac. Cozumel was formerly a Mayan stronghold.



After school lets out, the island youngsters crowd the mission. If there is no catechism class, the Padre will lend them a basketball to play with.



ck-
old.

here
with.



The Padre never has to worry where his supper will come from. The deep, blue sea yields an abundant harvest in return for only a little patience.

The Maryknoll Roundup

Profit. On a hot day in Hong Kong, Father William J. Downs, Maryknoll Missioner from Erie, Pa., came upon a bargain in blankets. This winter there will be less suffering in many a poor fisherman's shack. Rich men have big boats and get to deep water where big fish are caught that net them about a dollar a pound. Poor men, in small boats, fish near shore; the smaller fishes in their hauls bring in only a few cents a pound.



FR. DOWNS

Jumping the Gun. Father Francis Lynch, Maryknoller from Pittsfield, Mass., is back on the job at his mission on the island of Formosa. He



FR. LYNCH

obtained a release from the doctor, after a session in the hospital. The idea of convalescing did not appeal to Father Lynch. He was anxious to jump the gun and get back to work, so he didn't see anything in the doctor's orders that forbade him to prepare a fellow

patient for baptism. Father Lynch also found time to interest the young man's mother in the Faith. She is dying of cancer and she received baptism on her deathbed. Now others in this prominent Hong Kong family are interested.

Prop. Father John A. Waldie, Maryknoller from New York City, has built up a following of dirty-faced, mangy-haired children in Lima, Peru, who have no other love than their new-found love of God.

"Teaching catechism to these youngsters," writes Father Waldie, "is quite an experience. In the fourth-grade room there is a silk stovepipe hat, probably left behind by a passing devotee of Lincoln. It always serves as a prop to get a laugh and relieve the long hour of catechism. I get them in a good mood and slip in a little straight doctrine between their delighted chuckles."



FR. WALDIE

Overtime. "Not long ago, we started a catechism class in the Nishijin section of our parish," writes Father George J. Hirschboeck, Maryknoll Missioner from Milwaukee, Wis.

"Distractions while I'm teaching them are their fingernails; little grooves are filed into them so they can weave with their fingertips. They work from dawn to after dark, in dingy shops. Our class begins at 9:00 in the evening and it's no wonder they nod over their lessons. I'm thinking of getting the Young Christian Workers movement started among them. Their working conditions give the heeby jeebies to my sense of social justice."



FR. HIRSCHBOECK

Record Breaking. Father Roy D. Petipren, Maryknoller from Detroit, Mich., came to the rectory in Pusan, Korea, for a brief visit. The Maryknoller whom he visited remarked: "If Saint Francis Xavier should step around the corner, he would surely say, 'What is this man Petipren trying to do — break my record?'" Actually Father Petipren has a total of over 700 Catholics in the prisoner-of-war enclosures un-

der his spiritual guidance and close to nine hundred catechumens. Father Petipren doesn't have any razzle dazzle mission methods. The secret of the success among the prisoners is the alertness and zeal of Catholic prisoners who instruct their comrades in the Faith. These teachers are mostly converts.

Free-Wheeling. "For the past two weeks, I've been teaching chant to the catechumens here at Rosana Mission in Africa," writes Father Edward H. James, Maryknoll Missioner from Washington, Ind. "The Bakuria's idea of singing is that the louder and weirder the noise, the better. A trained ear can catch sounds that would send Harry James. The Bakuria can't pronounce *h*, so at the *Sanctus* I hear: *Rosanna in excelsis*. I don't expect them to be perfect but I wish they'd leave the Latin endings alone and not conjugate while singing."



FR. JAMES

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

9-3

Dear Fathers:

Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one)

I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name

Street

City Postal Zone

State Age School Grade



CONFIRMATION

**FOR "ALL NATIONS, AND TRIBES,
AND PEOPLES, AND TONGUES."**

■ **AT BAPTISM** we were made children of God. At confirmation we are promoted from the role of children in the Christian family to that of active service in that family. We are now given an increase of the Gifts and Fruits of the Holy Ghost to help us with our new duties.

Our Lord gave us the sacraments that "all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues," might become the children of God the Father, brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ, and living temples of the Holy Spirit. The increase of wisdom and charity that we receive in confirmation helps us to live and work in peace, union and brotherhood with all people, marching toward our common goal, our true home and country — heaven.

We can be missionaries here and now by praying for all those who do not yet know about Christ and His plans for us. We must pray that the graces of the sacrament of confirmation may be brought to all, both near and far.

*This is one of a series of cards on the Sacraments
designed by Sister Maria Giovanni for classroom use.*

FIFTY FOR FOREIGN FIELDS

■ IN FIELDS AFAR, many who are physically handicapped or spiritually impoverished, as well as those less unfortunate, will welcome the arrival of these Maryknoll Sisters.

WHEN? That depends upon YOU. Will you help them on their way? An average of \$500 for each is needed for rail, ship and plane tickets.

CAN YOU SEND ONE SISTER MISSIONER ALL THE WAY? OR PART? She will represent you in her work for God's less fortunate children; together you will help to make this a better world.



MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

I enclose \$.....to help send a Sister to her mission.

I enclose \$500 to send a Sister to her faraway mission.

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

While I can, I will send \$..... a month to help support a Maryknoll Sister. I understand that this promise is not binding and that I may discontinue at will.



Little hearts the world over are receptive to the first lessons of God's love.

Speed Limit: One Mile an Hour

■ NOWADAYS one can go around the world in three days. But here in Bolivia, it still takes that long to travel about seventy miles.

"I think we should go to Nacebe," Father Burns said to Sister Arthur Marie and me during a recent mission trip. "The people there have not had a visit from a priest for a long time, and they have never seen Sisters."

So off we started — bulging duffle bags and blankets and hammocks folded to fit on top of our saddles. The first few miles were made in a truck, over a trail we would call impassable in the States — but here

it is good, despite torrential rain. On the upgrades, the men jumped out and emptied bags of Brazil-nut shells in front of the wheels. Of course, there was the usual motor trouble. After three hours we reached the crossroads where our mules were patiently waiting.

We mounted and started off on a beautiful grassy path through lush jungle country. It took Father a long time to catch up with us. The pack mule had bolted, scattering Mass kit, medical supplies and lunch all over the countryside.

Six hours brought us to Puerto Rico. We passed only one house on

the way. There we rested a bit. Father told the owner we would stop on the way back, to baptize the children in the neighborhood.

Malaria is prevalent around Puerto Rico, and we were glad for our heavy mosquito nets because we slept in our hammocks out of doors.

Arrangements had been made with a man who owns a canoe and outboard motor to take us, after Mass next morning, the remaining distance up the river. By midday we reached Nacebe, set peacefully on the banks of the Orton, with wide stretches of pampas reaching off to the jungles. What a welcome! How the people had been longing for a visit from the Padre and the Madres.

We spent eight unforgettable days in this lovely spot, setting up a clinic for the sick, and conducting two catechism classes each day. At the end of the course, twenty-four little ones were ready to receive Our Lord for the first time. Twenty older children received Communion for the first time in over a year. We wanted to stay longer, but other places were waiting for us, so we started back.

No boat this time — our guides cut a path through the tangled growth. After dismounting about 25 times during the first two hours, we finished the last two, leading our animals into Puerto Rico. There about a dozen families had gathered, with children to be baptized. The night stillness was filled with protesting cries, as the spirit of darkness departed from these little souls and they became children of the

Light. And so back to Conquista, to start out on another trek; this time in the opposite direction.

Our trail took us on foot across a *curichi* — a swamp about one quarter-mile wide. Several feet of water cover the surface. A small river, 45 feet deep, ran through the middle. Balsa logs, supported by posts and tied together with strong vines, made an insecure bridge across the swamp. I began to slip as soon as I stepped on it. I prayed that my spill would not be in the deepest part. That quarter of a mile seemed like four miles, but at the end, there was another eager group.

On our six weeks' trip, there were 55 First Communions. The saving waters were poured sixty times. Many, many older folks were able to hear Mass and receive Our Lord, after a lapse of long months.

A Maryknoll Sister, skilled as a nurse and pharmacist, serves the sick poor.



MARYKNOLL



Dear Father,

Your cards this year
are the most beautiful
I have ever seen, and
with such delightful,
thoughtful verses. But
much more than that,
they proclaim the real
message of Christmas, the
message of joy to all peo-
ple, the message of God's
love for every single one
of His creatures. I hope you
sell millions of them.

Sincerely,
M. Burke

Mrs. M. Burke, Philadelphia

NEW 1953 CHRIST CHILD CHRISTMAS CARDS

Cellophane package of 21
cards and envelopes \$1.00

Ask for fund raising plan and
prices for quantity orders.

Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Please send me:

9-3

☐ Please send your Christmas card fund-
raising plan and sample box of cards.

☐ \$ _____ enclosed ☐ Please bill me.

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (please print or write your name clearly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Abel Calls the Signals

BY THOMAS F. GIBBONS

■ I STILL can remember the day I fell down a flight of marble steps, in a church in Philadelphia, with the missal and its large wooden stand in my little hands. I still remember the amazed look of two worried nuns when they realized that I was able to pick myself up and go on to finish my first attempt at serving Mass.

The other morning while trying to prepare my heart for the reading of the Gospel, a grin covered my face as I saw little Abel stab at the missal and then, book in hand, go tumbling to the cement floor. After Mass, the grin broke into a smile and later laughter. The small lad had stayed right in there and saw his first experience to the finish. It was his first attempt at serving Mass, and he got out all the Latin without a stammer. He is only seven years old and Lilliputian in size.

To some, the name "Abel" has a faraway sound. "Why does one force himself back to the Garden of Eden to find a name for his son?" you ask. But you don't know Abel's father, Cleophas. His ambition for his son knows no bounds. It is common knowledge that the Padri keeps

every Christian's name in a big book. All the names are arranged in alphabetical order, to aid the Fathers to easily locate the status sheet of any of the Christians. Right now, little Abel leads the whole list of Nyegina Christians — there are thousands of them — and he is only seven years old.

Sometimes I do not approve of the company Abel keeps. A few weeks ago I came out of the rectory for a walk. Two lads were nonchalantly knocking down oranges from our trees with a big stick. I asked them why they were taking the mission's oranges.

Unruffled, Abel's friend replied: "Boy, it is windy. Imagine! We were standing here. A gust of wind came, blew my stick out of my hand and knocked down some oranges. It would be a shame to let that good fruit rot on the ground, wouldn't it, Father?"

Last Sunday afternoon Abel was serving Benediction. In the middle of Benediction, all the boys changed positions. Turning my head, I could see Abel in the middle of the sanctuary, calling signals. With Abel in our midst we are likely to have a rite all our own.

Perhaps I am spoiling the small fry. Yet, some day Abel will be a strapping young man, along with a lot of other small fry I know. This country will need strong men to carry the message of Christ into all walks of life. Christianity is growing rapidly in Africa. We hope and pray that we shall see the influence of Christ in the family, the fields and the workshops. I am putting all my bets on today's small fry.



The Chinese who live in these shacks in the Hong Kong dump have few material possessions but they are rich, very rich, to their way of thinking, in having freedom.

We can't afford to be cold
to the pleading
of distant misery.

BY PAUL J. DUCHESNE

DOWN IN THE DUMPS

■ how would you like to dig for your dinner? This is what some 60 families do, on the dumps of Hong Kong. These 200 people do not eat what they find in the dumps but scavenging the remains of the city's refuse is their means of livelihood.

After the trash has been collected in trucks and transferred to barges, it is dumped at a point in the bay across from the airfield. Two barge-loads a day are discharged there. But before reaching that destination, the trash has been picked over by many hands. Cooks, houseboys and amahs have sorted out the rubbish before it reaches the street. Truckmen collect what catches their fancy. Bargemen have baskets into which they place anything salvage-

able. What do you think is left for the people who scavenge what remains? Yet sixty families are quite content with those leavings.

We found the scavenger folks are a smiling, happy and surprisingly healthy lot. In spite of dead rats floating by, cockroaches running about and flies swarming like confetti at a wedding, the parents say there is little malaria, few colds or any

other noticeable diseases. Indeed the children are round-cheeked and the dogs as fat as butter. The babies seem healthier than some who live in the palatial homes on the Peak who have personal amahs.

Smiles but no complaints greeted us. The houses of the scavengers are wretchedly constructed of pickings from the dump. The floors are flooded at high tide. The people say, "We can dig two dollars worth a day. We find our firewood and pay no rent. Each worker is his own boss. We work when we want to. We fled Communist China and have our independence. No one bothers us."

Nationalist China flags fly over the rag pickers' huts not only on national holidays but every day. These people in rags have fled dictatorship. No one tells them what to read, what to study, where to work, what taxes to pay.

Groups of families have their specialties. Some collect rags, others bones; some iron and tin; others

paper or straw mats. Rags are washed, sorted and baled to be sold for paper manufacture. Bones are ground into fertilizer. An important item is plastic: combs, toothbrush handles, bowls, etc. These can be

melted and sold to button makers. Toothpaste and shaving-cream tubes, tinfoil from cigarette packages and discarded flash-light batteries are melted for a yield of lead; it

sells for 90 cents a pound.

Men, women and children have different jobs best suited to their abilities, assigned with an efficiency that assures maximum production. Collecting bottles and broken glass seems to be the province of old ladies. The children watch for firewood. Everyone works every day, except when the bargemen have a holiday.

Those who reside in the dump tell me that they get used to it. Flies cover the food while they eat, but they are adept at flicking away a dead fly with their chopsticks. The sense of smell is very accommodating: their noses quickly become accustomed to the acrid smoke that rises from the fires that melt lead. Old tar paper is the principal fuel for this operation.

Fat, healthy pigs grunt in their pens, quite content with the diet of meat scraps and vegetable peels dug from the barges. Occasional pieces of bread, cookies or hard crusts

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from cooked rice add delicacy to the pigs' dinner. There are no complaints here, either.

When we asked the people how we might help, they said, "Could you send a doctor to vaccinate the babies?" This we promised to do. One man sighed, "If only our children could go to school." Even this will soon be taken care of.

I asked them why they didn't plant the flats that look like rolling plains of pure humus. They replied, "Because, of course, these flats flood at high tide."

Of course! Innocent that I was. But when the flies are buzzing around you so thickly that you hardly dare open your lips, you can't think of everything.

I saw men standing in water waist-deep, fill baskets of muck from the bottom, raise them and screen

the black ooze like a miner panning gold. Each works with the pearl diver's boundless optimism. He is sure that eventually he will come upon in his screen a silver spoon, a jade brooch, a gold ring, or some other trove. Such finds have been made. This is the thrill of the chase; the tingle in the fingers of the miner panning gold in the mountain stream, eyes ever searching for the glint of the golden streak. The men never looked up from their work although they exchanged pleasantries with us and joked about treasures that just might turn up.

Men who fled tyranny; indeed, a proud people! They do not sit and wait for a government to feed them. They do not beg or ask for pity. I cannot show enough respect for these Chinese who live down in the dumps.

These children thrive in conditions that give public-health experts the willies.





WANT ADS

A Catechist, the right-hand man of a missionary, can be supported in Mexico for \$15 a month.

Speckless and Spotless. The lads at Boystown in Talca, Chile, have done such a superb job of scrubbing the dining room floor, they say you can eat on it. But the Padre does not approve. He maintains that tables and chairs are the furniture for little gentlemen at mealtime. \$100 will buy them.

Organ-ize the church: that is, provide it with an organ! The pun is bad, but the need is real in Bolivia. The parish at Penas can get a portable organ if you will give the \$100.

Bookworms. Maryknoll has a whole college full of bookworms in Glen Ellyn, Illinois, but they are a little short of food. Let's not let them starve, for goodness sake! Any college books, even whole libraries, on the following subjects: Religion, English Literature, History, Modern Languages and the Social Sciences may be sent direct to: The Maryknoll Seminary, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

To Be Blind is terrible in the United States — but what about being blind in Formosa? Yet hundreds need help now to ward off the dread, blinding trachoma. Will you give \$2 to provide a course of treatment for one person?

Catechism Charts make it easier to teach the doctrine. The Lotsu parish in Formosa has one set of charts made by the local artist and the catechists. There are so many studying doctrine, Father could use 6 sets. Will you help him? Each set costs \$25.

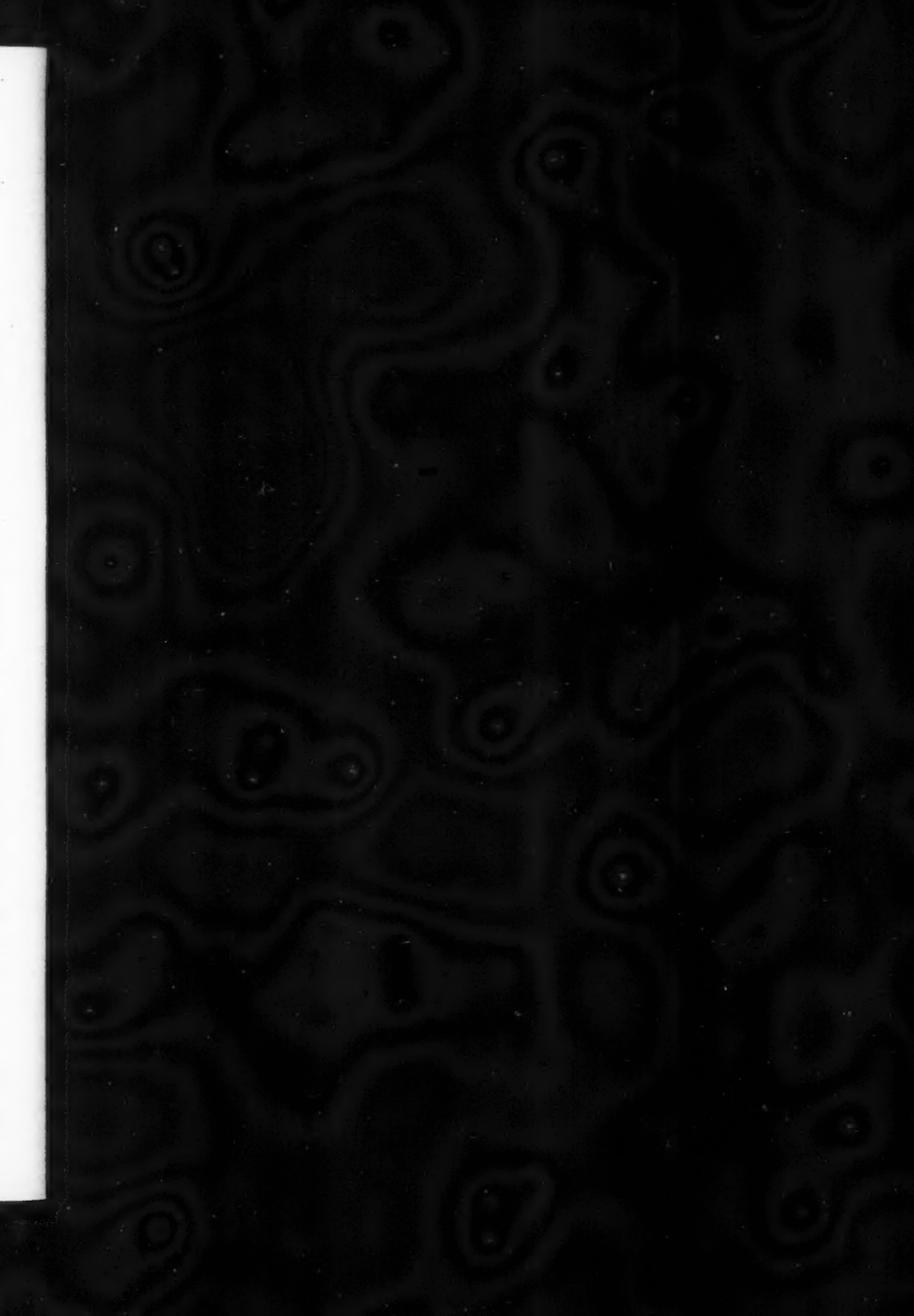
Written Word to preach the Word. \$50 is needed to build up a church lending library in one of our Kyoto parishes. Will you pay a part of that sum for this worthy cause?

Pick 'Em Up, Lay 'Em Down! That's what a jeep-pick-up truck will do with our priests in the Philippines. It will be the contact point between the mission stations. The missions are not far apart and just one jeep or small truck, costing \$1,600, will satisfy the need of the whole area. The missionaries are counting on you!

The Bright Spot in a dark world — Our Lord's lighted altar. Candlesticks are needed for mission churches in Africa, Bolivia, Formosa, Guatemala, Japan, Mexico and Peru. A set costs \$30. You can light up an altar in a dark corner of the world.

A Memorial to a loved one you want remembered? May we suggest a Mass kit for one of our missions in Bolivia? 3 are needed. The cost — \$150 each.







PUBLIC NOTICE

THIS IS TO ANNOUNCE THAT BY RULE AND REGULATION *MARYKNOLLERS* AROUND THE WORLD OFFER THE FOLLOWING PRAYERS FOR BENEFACTORS LIVING AND DEAD. THIS IS OUR BEST EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE TO BENEFACTORS

I. DAILY WE RECITE SPECIAL PRAYERS FOR BENEFACTORS.

II. ON ALL FRIDAYS:

a. AT MORNING PRAYERS WE MAKE A SPECIAL OFFERING TO GOD OF ALL DEEDS AND SUFFERINGS OF THE DAY FOR BENEFACTORS

b. FOR THIS SAME INTENTION EVERY MARYKNOLL PRIEST OFFERS HIS MASS AND EACH BROTHER AND SEMINARIAN OFFERS HIS HOLY COMMUNION AND ROSARY;

c. AT NIGHT PRAYERS WE RECITE A SPECIAL PRAYER FOR DECEASED BENEFACTORS . . .

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
Maryknoll P.O., New York

People are Interesting!

The Chief Was
Touched by Kindness



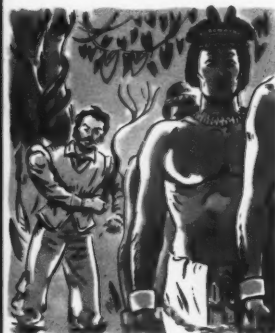
1. In 1629 Jesuits went into interior Brazil. They made some converts among Indians.



2. But Chief Guiravera was an enemy who did everything he could to disturb the progress.



3. One day a band of whites raided his village to capture slaves for coastal plantations.



4. Among those captured was Chief Guiravera. He was led away in the chains of a slave.



5. Then the missionaries heard. They ran after the whites and obtained the Chief's freedom.



6. The Chief was so moved by this kindness that he became a Christian with his people.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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